

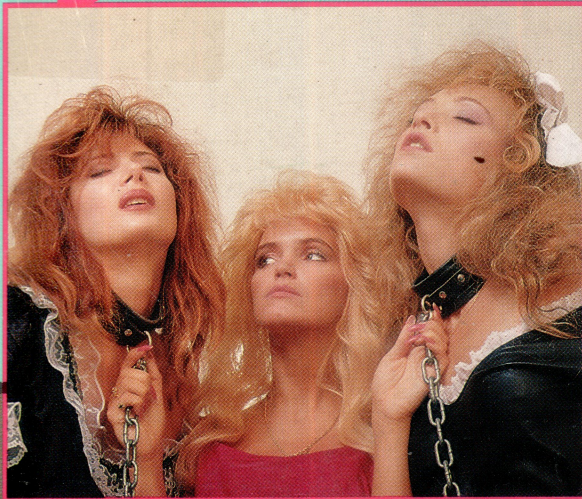
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MAID TO BE BROKEN

Disobedient servants learn the ropes from a merciless mistress.



STARRING DARIAN HAZE, FAWNA AND MISSY WARNER

MAID TO BE BROKEN

"Mitzi! Stop that! You know what'll happen if we get caught. We're supposed to be tidying up Madame's bedroom."

Elizabeth couldn't help blushing to her roots at the ticklesome touch of Mitzi's feather duster as it brushed against the exposed undercheeks of Elizabeth's high, firm buttocks, scarcely concealed by her short, ruffled skirt. Indeed, the tight-fitting, low-cut uniforms she and Mitzi wore, with their slutty black stockings and towering, stiletto-heeled pumps, kept the somewhat-shy Elizabeth in a state of permanent anguished immodesty. Every time she bent over to pick up a discarded item of Madame's clothing, she felt herself humiliatingly exposed.

And her situation was hardly improved by her comrade's saucy, impudent boldness. From her head of thick blond curls to her patent-clad toes, Mitzi was just a sexy little bundle of trouble. She never even seemed to care if she got caught, however severe the punishment she might face, if she got to gratify her insatiable hungers first. Try though she might to be a good girl, Elizabeth again and again fell prey to her own deeply sensual nature once Mitzi got her going, and Mitzi knew just how to do that.



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STARRING DARIAN HAZE, FAWNA AND MISSY WARNER

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"Don't be such a fraidy-cat," Mitzi said tauntingly. "Amanda won't be back from lunch until mid-afternoon. That gives us plenty of time to play. Ummm, and I do so love to play with you."

The feather duster was replaced by Mitzi's fingertips, which slid under Elizabeth's skirt to stroke the expanse of lusciously bare flesh above the top of Elizabeth's stocking. Elizabeth's attempts at virtue weren't helped any by Madame's provocative taste in underwear. Beneath her uniform, Elizabeth was quite unprotected, a fact of which she was instantly reminded by the electrifying touch of Mitzi's fingers on her neatly-trimmed, fully exposed pussy. A gurgling moan escaped Elizabeth's lips as Mitzi expertly located Elizabeth's clit, which had seemed to be in a state of perpetual throbbing stiffness since the day she had arrived at this place.

"We're only supposed to do this when she gives us permission," Elizabeth murmured, her thickly-lashed eyelids growing heavy as her breathing grew deeper.

"I'm tired of putting on shows for her amusement. We're entitled to a little fun for ourselves."

After barely a moment's resistance, Elizabeth found herself in Mitzi's arms in a passionate embrace. She felt Mitzi's warm, full lips pressed against her own, a probing tongue-tip sliding into her mouth. Soon, their bodies were grinding together through the thin material of the uniforms, hands exploring each other's bodies freely.

To her surprise, Elizabeth began taking initiatives of her own, led on by the powerful lusts that smoldered just beneath the surface of her seemingly compliant nature. Tossing the slender Mitzi up against the wall of Madame's luxurious boudoir, she proceeded to work her hands up underneath Mitzi's skirt to feel the warm, firm, ripe curves of Mitzi's body. Soon, zippers were sliding down and starched uniforms gave way to superb, satiny flesh. Mitzi's hands and lips sought Elizabeth's generous tits, pinching and sucking her sensitive nipples to a state of aching stiffness. Elizabeth sank to her knees on the lush Persian carpet, pulling Mitzi down with her.





They lay together in each other's arms, a writhing, squirming tangle of bare arms and long, black-stockinged legs. And that was exactly how Amanda found them when she returned home from lunch, just a bit earlier than expected. Having heard the moans and gasps all the way down stairs upon her arrival, she had approached stealthily, making sure she had a chance to fully enjoy the spectacle of her servants' carnal bliss at her leisure before making her presence known.

So caught up in their pleasures were they that Mitzi and Elizabeth didn't even notice Amanda's approach, at least not until she took hold of Mitzi's hair and literally lifted her off of Elizabeth's body. Though small in stature, Amanda was fierce in determination and relentless in her pursuit of discipline. This was just the kind of situation that gave her the opportunity to demonstrate the stuff of which she was made. Indeed, it was just the sort of situation she deliberately sought to incite, though those who served her were often unaware of the deliberate way in which she placed temptation in their paths.

Hands on hips, the tiny but intimidating domina stood over the two disheveled girls, demanding a full explanation, though the circumstances certainly seemed

obvious enough. Amanda simply enjoyed the sound of their whimpering and pleading. They knew better than to protest their innocence, hoping instead to gain mercy through confession. Each gallantly attempted to take the blame for inciting the other, which only inspired a contemptuous sneer from their mistress. Amanda knew full well that they were both equally guilty.

"Since the two of you can't be trusted to attend to your duties on your own, I suppose I'll have to restrict your freedom of movement somewhat," she said calmly.

Elizabeth and Mitzi looked at each other sheepishly while Amanda rooted through her dresser drawer with much rattling and clanking of chains and other hardware. She quickly brought forth two sets of full shackles consisting of locking leather collars with convenient rings for the chains that hung down to the locking cuffs for the wrists and ankles. With a few deft buckles and clicks, Amanda had them both well-restrained. There was just enough chain between the wrist cuffs for the girls to perform their chores and just enough slack between the ankles for them to walk carefully, in short, mincing steps, on their tottering heels.





Elegant, silver-handled riding crop in hand, Amanda prodded her recalcitrant charges down the stairs, hurrying them along with an occasional tug on their collar chains. Now she would require them to perform their tasks under her direct supervision. When Elizabeth and Mitzi saw Amanda stripping down to the tight, revealing leather and chain harness gear she wore under her snug-fitting dress, they knew just what kind of "supervision" they were in for. They were all too familiar with the cruel way in which Amanda took pleasure from the imaginative punishments she imposed on them.

She made them kneel at her boots for sentencing. Both girls would now have to discharge their duties wearing fat ball gags in their mouths, so as to inhibit any unauthorized use of their tongues and lips. Moreover, they would also be denied to use of their hands, with which they had so shamefully misbehaved. Mitzi's feather duster would now be plugged directly into her ball gag, so she would have to use her head to do her dusting. And poor Elizabeth got the handle of the vacuum cleaner strapped up between her thighs, so the butt end vibrated against her clit as she attempted to maneuver the unwieldy machine with her knees.







Amanda watched them closely as the two girls labored miserably away against their handicaps. She encouraged them on with periodic swats from the stiffly-reinforced riding whip, which she wielded with ferocious accuracy, leaving crimson splotches on their unprotected backsides.

Mitzi and Elizabeth did their best to please, but the deck had been stacked hopelessly against them. Mitzi

couldn't seem to get the hang of dusting with her mouth instead of her hands. She kept knocking things over and missing the areas she was supposed to be cleaning, as Amanda establish with a cursory sweep of her fingertips across the surface of the wood. And, between the awkwardness of the vacuum cleaner and the relentless distraction of the vibrating handle, Elizabeth found it quite impossible to steer a straight line across the carpet.

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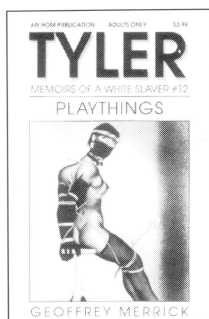
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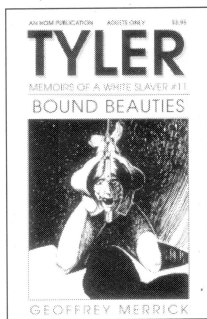
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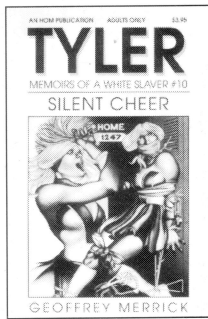
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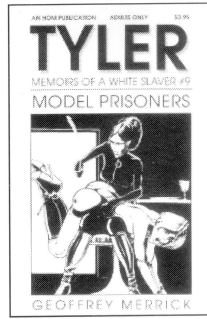
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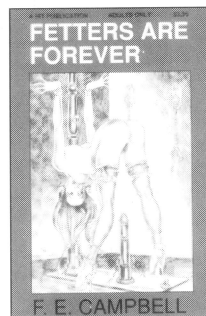
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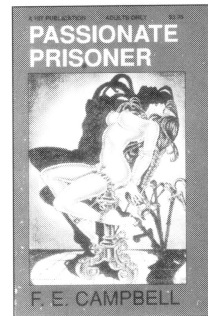
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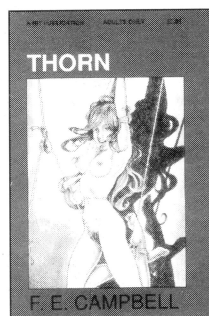
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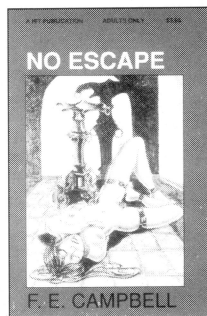
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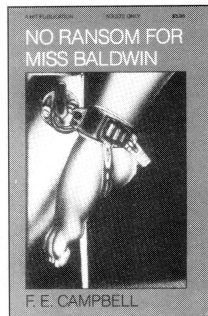
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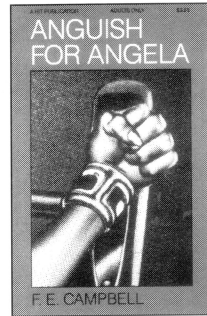
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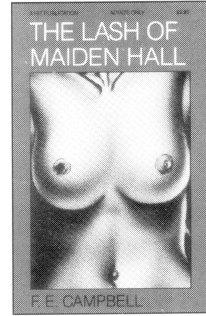
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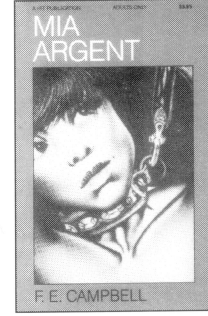
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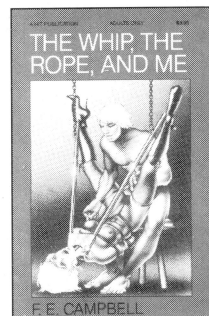
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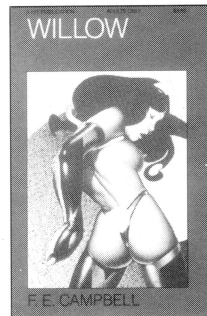
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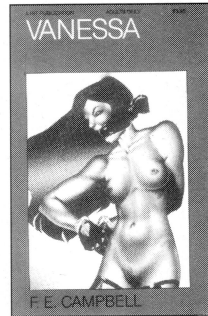
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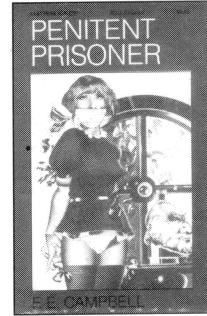
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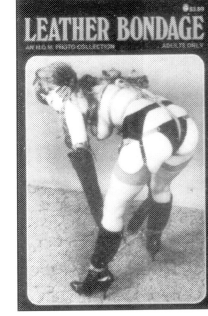
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As usual, Amanda had arranged things so that one punishment led to another. Now the hapless serving girls would be made to pay for their ineptitude as well as their lasciviousness. It was just the sort of infraction that called for classic, bare-bottom over-the-knee spankings, which just happened to be one of Amanda's specialties. Settling herself solidly in a straight-backed chair, she snagged Elizabeth's collar chain and dragged the luckless girl down across her lap. Amanda's sternly beautiful face betrayed no hint of the secret delight she felt in having the voluptuous Elizabeth squirming over her thighs. Tossing up Elizabeth's skirt and then carefully lowering Elizabeth's skimpy panties to the tops of her thighs, Amanda took a moment to admire Elizabeth's superbly curvaceous ass-flesh. This was going to be fun, at least for Amanda.





While Mitzi looked on in a state of worried sympathy, Amanda commenced to smack Elizabeth's ass cheeks with her small, hard, experienced hand. Starting slowly, Amanda soon worked up to a merciless, hammering cadence, producing much involuntary wriggling and thrashing from Elizabeth, who rattled her chains and squeaked behind the thick rubber gag as the sound of flesh against flesh filled the room. Amanda's hand at first left small, distinct prints on Elizabeth's tawny skin, but soon an overall red glow heated Elizabeth's entire backside. Amanda didn't let her slide off her knees until her buns glowed almost purple and tears trickled out of the corners of her eyes, just as the little rivulets of saliva she was unable to control dribbled out the corners of Elizabeth's mouth around the gag.

Then it was Mitzi's turn. The usually insolent wench did her best to seem humble and contrite as she lay over her mistress' lap, but Amanda was just getting warmed up. Her eyes fairly shone with the satisfaction of administering punishment in this especially personal and sensual way. Though Mitzi's pale skin turned pink even quicker than Elizabeth's, she had it no easier. Amanda pounded away, oblivious to Mitzi's tormented, gagged moanings and gaspings. Amanda's hand rose and fell without let-up, covering every inch of Mitzi's bottom with a uniformly rosy hue. A firm grip on Mitzi's thick tresses curbed the girl's tendency to try and squirm out of the path of the blows.







All hope that this might be the end of their ordeal quickly vanished when Amanda ordered the two wayward serving girls to strip themselves of their uniforms. They reluctantly complied, allowing themselves docilely to be attached face-to-face by their wrist cuffs to a short chain dangling from the stair railing.

They were perfectly positioned for Amanda to employ the long, many-tailed flogger she so enjoyed using. She prided herself on her accuracy, making the girls dance to the rhythm of her strokes, which alternated between slow, almost sensual caresses and sharp, hard smacks that left long trails of red welts in their wake. The gags had been removed so Amanda could enjoy the music of their cries and yelps as the leather tails found their way to the delicate outer curves of their tits and the hidden regions between their thighs. When she finally tossed the whip aside and let them down, the girls fell to the floor in a sweating, trembling heap.





They weren't to be permitted to rest for long, however, as Amanda nudged them toward the stairs down to the dungeon with the sharp toe of her boot. She was really in the mood now, and nothing would stop her until she'd had her fill of inflicting pain.

Elizabeth and Mitzi already knew well the high-ceilinged chamber into which Amanda dragged them. They had suffered enough there to dread the place thoroughly. It was well-equipped for the chastisement of even the most obdurate malefactors, as Amanda was once again prepared to demonstrate.

Seizing a long coil of nylon rope, Amanda proceeded to weave a tight harness around Elizabeth's body, the bands squeezing her tits and rubbing her pussy in a way that inspired lewd thoughts to which Elizabeth would never dare give voice. Then Amanda threw her down onto a low platform to which she was tightly secured with more ropes at wrist and ankle. Lying there trussed as she was, Elizabeth was grimly aware of the way the harness thrust her tits upward to meet the short, braided whip Amanda preferred for this particular use.





Concentrating on Elizabeth's tender nipples, Amanda worked her tits over mercilessly with the braided whip, oblivious to Elizabeth's howling, which echoed off the chamber's brick walls. When Amanda laid the whip aside and released Elizabeth from the platform, it was only to attach her hands to a cable overhead so she could turn her attention to Elizabeth's behind, which was still burning from the spanking she had received earlier.







Now dark welts began to appear amid the generalized redness. With each uncontrollable jerk and twitch, Elizabeth worked the roped deeper into her pussy, until it chafed her erect clit. By the time Amanda turned her attention to Mitzi, Elizabeth wasn't sure whether she was going to come or faint.

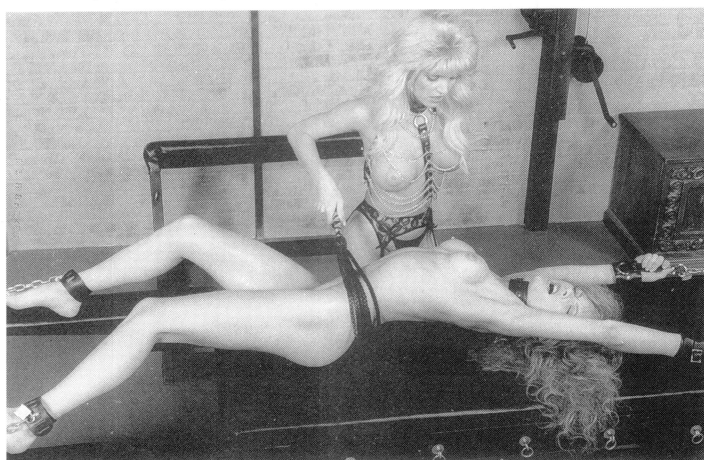




Mitzi was scheduled for a stretch, literally, on the rack. Her slender, naked body gleamed in the dimness of the dungeon as Amanda turned the wheel, slowly pulling Mitzi's limbs taut until she was stretched taut as a bowstring. Her joints ached agonizingly, but that was far from her only source of worry. She, too, got the braided whip, all the more effective for the tautness of her skin. It splatted over her tormented flesh as if she were a drumhead, leaving brilliant vermilion stripes with every stroke. The chains prevented even the slightest attempt to dodge the flying tails.

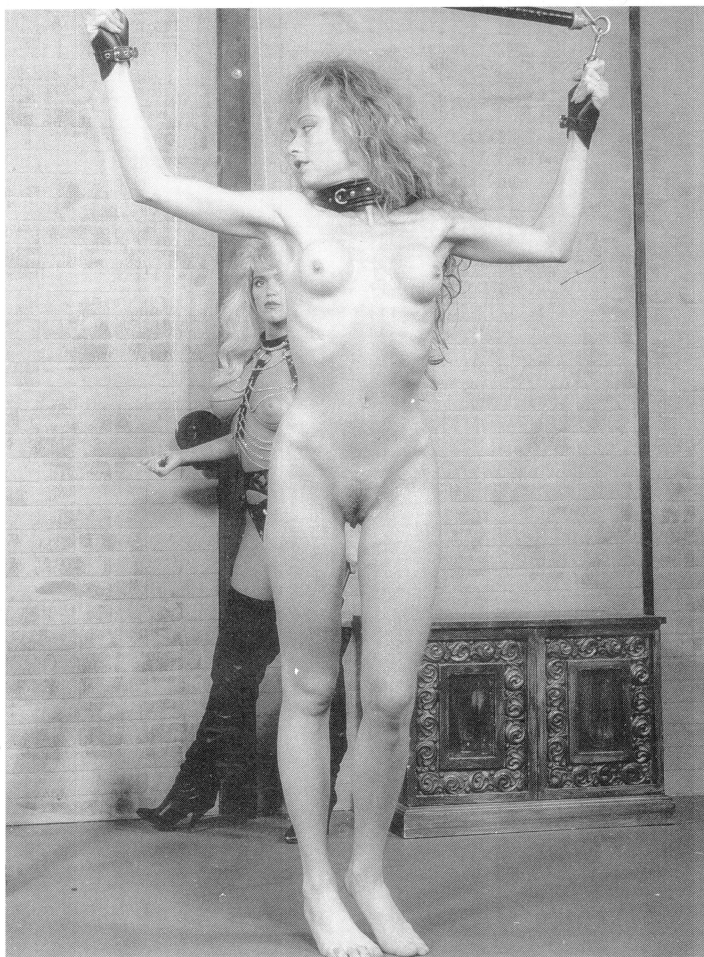


Amanda was nothing if not thorough. When she was satisfied that Mitzi was sufficiently striped from tits to knees in the front, she deftly flipped her over on the rack and worked her way up and down her back, lingering lovingly over Mitzi's tight little handful of a rump. The blond girl was soon striped all over like a zebra, sobbing unabashedly as she pleaded for the chance to prove her obedience. Her begging only rated her an extra penalty, a hard cropping of the soles of her bare feet, one of the most sensitive spots on her whole body.









Mitzi's individual punishment concluded with an interval spent dangling by her wrists above the floor from the overhead hoist, her whole frame anguished by the tension of her own weight while Amanda casually whacked away at her with the braided whip. Amanda's diminutive size positioned her perfectly to take aim upwards at Mitzi's bottom and thighs, forcing the girl to twist and writhe even though each movement only intensified her sufferings.











At last, Mitzi and Elizabeth were to be reunited, though hardly under ideal circumstances. Made to straddle the whipping horse face-to-face, hands chained to the rail, ankles secured to the frame, the were forced to watch one another endure a final salvo of furious strokes with the riding crop, the most feared weapon in Amanda's arsenal. Each blow on their much-tormented flesh was like a lightning bolt of searing anguish. They could no longer stifle their screams or control their mad thrashings, against which the sturdy horse stood firm.









Finally satisfied that she had made her point, and also worked up into a state of heedless lust herself, Amanda was ready to release the weeping servant girls, in order that they might kneel before her to serve her with their willing and anxious mouths. Little did she anticipate what would happen when, after freeing the ever mischievous Mitzi, she turned to unshackle Elizabeth from the horse. She suddenly felt the cold steel of Mitzi's wrist chain across her throat as the blond girl jumped her from behind. Elizabeth leapt at her from the front as well and, in a blink, the two larger girls had seized their tormentor in a vengeful grip.

"Let's see if she can take it as well as she dishes it out," Mitzi suggested, despite Amanda's oaths and threats of retribution.

"Why not?," Elizabeth agreed.

"But first, let's get her naked," Mitzi said gleefully.

It didn't take the two rebellious servant girls long to divest Amanda of her remaining dominant regalia, though she put up quite a struggle for someone so petite. Her captors were pleasantly surprised to find her pussy completely shaved smooth.

"She must have been expecting company," Elizabeth observed gleefully.







They soon had their former employer strung up on tip-toe to the overhead bar, arms stretched wide open. Just to let Amanda know exactly what her real situation was, they buckled a leather slave collar around her pretty neck, much like the one she had made them wear. She whimpered miserably in pure humiliation.

Soon, however, Amanda had more serious causes for complaint. From the selection of whips ready to hand, Mitzi and Elizabeth chose a pair of matching, medium weight leather floggers. They went right to work, orbiting around the helpless Amanda, lashing away at her front and rear. Though she dodged and danced, there was no avoiding the vengeful blows of the girls she had so recently abused. Soon her own fair body, which had never known the touch of the whip before, was a quivering mass of stripes and welts from head to foot. Amanda hung limp in her chains, sobbing and moaning wretchedly.






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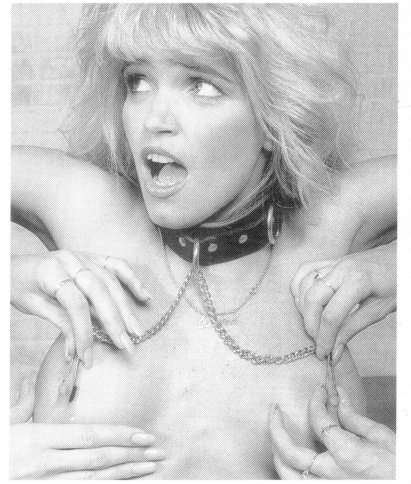
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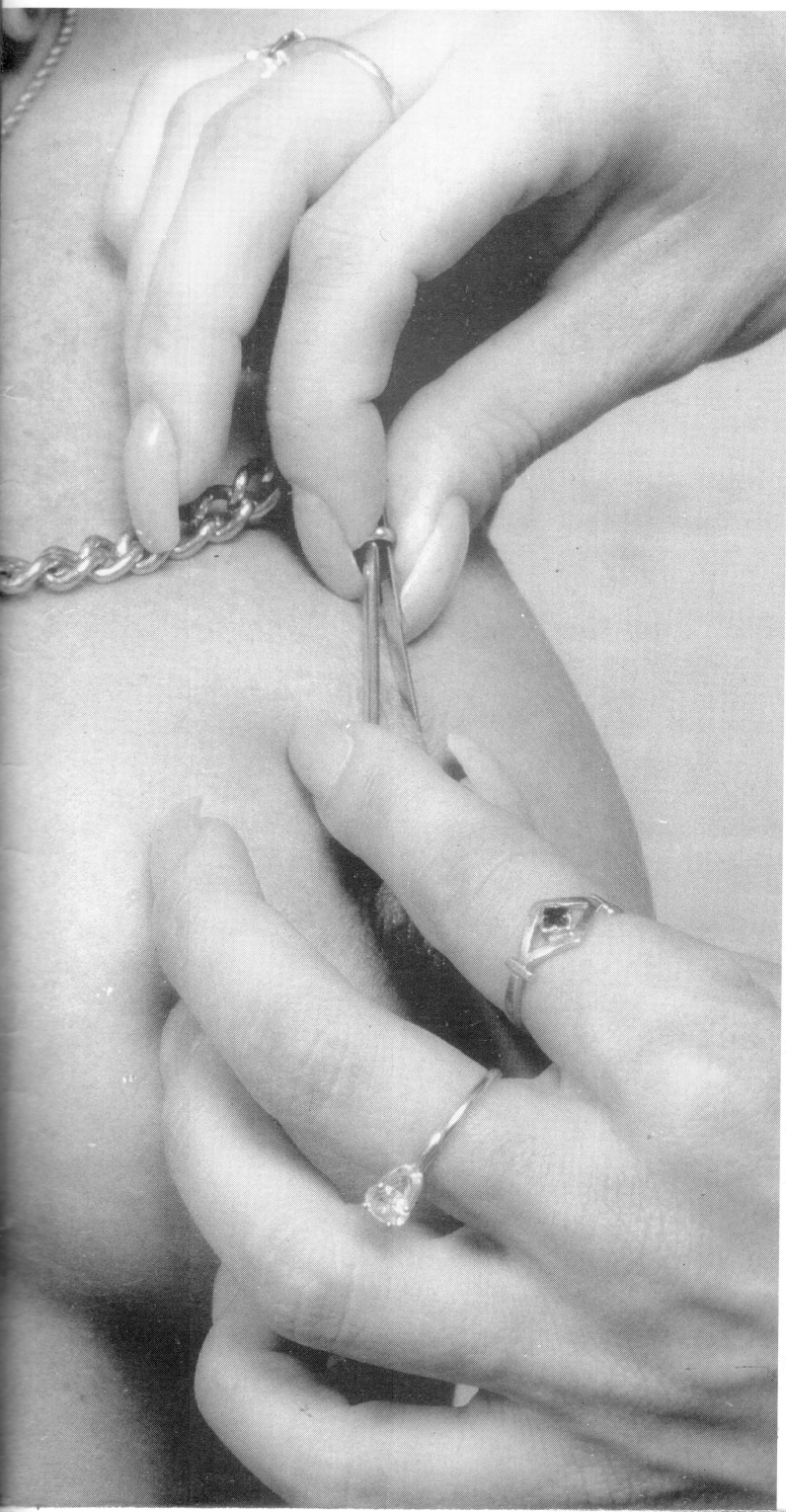
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But the girls weren't quite finished enjoying their revenge. Searching the dungeon, they turned up a wicked-looking set of nipple clamps connected by a short chain. Elizabeth and Mitzi each took one of Amanda's whip-tenderized tits in hand and clipped on the clamps, tightening them down until Amanda let out a loud yelp.

Using the rings on her collar and the chain on the clamps to control her, they forced Amanda to her knees,

quickly cuffing her hands behind her. With a few sharp tugs on the chain, the formerly imperious mistress was quickly made to understand what was expected of her. Slowly, reluctantly, she extended her little, pink tongue toward Elizabeth's clit. Pushing and shoving her back and forth between them, they made her lick and suck their pussy's until they were both thoroughly satisfied and Amanda was thoroughly exhausted, not to mention humbled.



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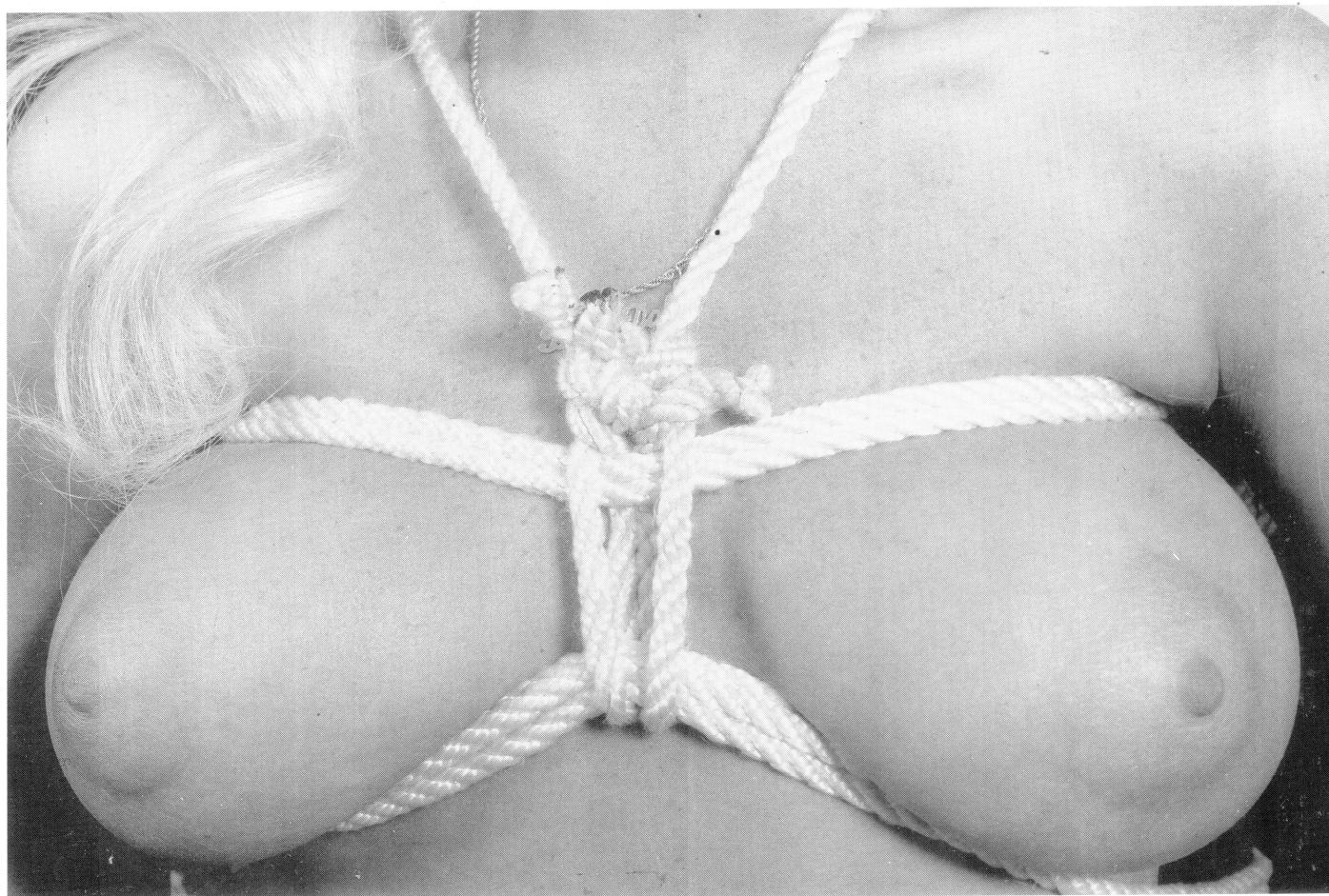


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But Amanda's ordeal was not yet quite at an end. For the finale, they dragged her upstairs and roped her stringently to a chair in the living room, where she could enjoy and excellent view of Mitzi and Elizabeth taking their pleasures freely with one another. Now all that remained was to find a maid's uniform in the house that would fit Amanda. Of course, Amanda would need a lot of training, but Mitzi and Elizabeth were sure they would be up to the job!

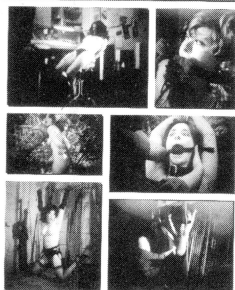
THE END



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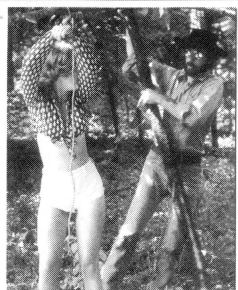
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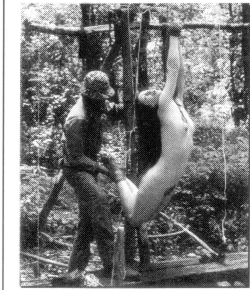
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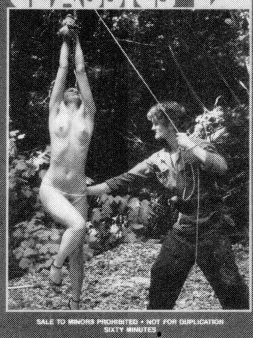
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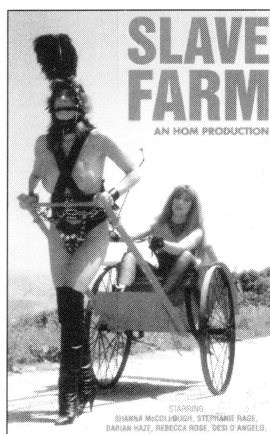
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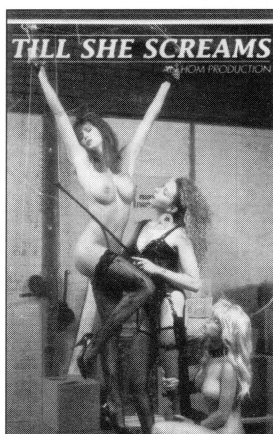
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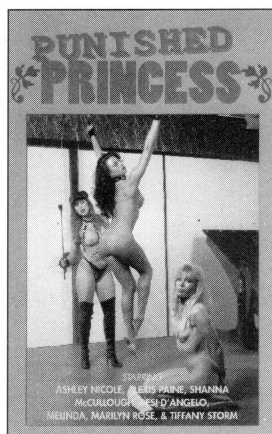
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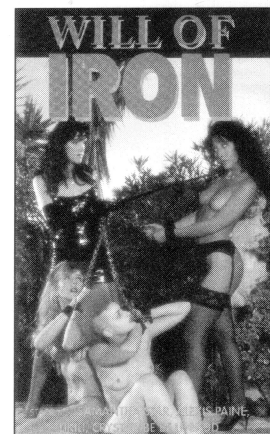
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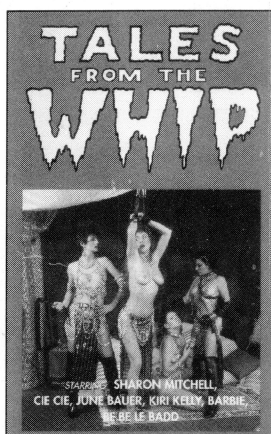
Punished Princess. Revolutionaries overthrow Princess Ashira's kingdom and then humble the haughty bitch, using any methods necessary to break her will.



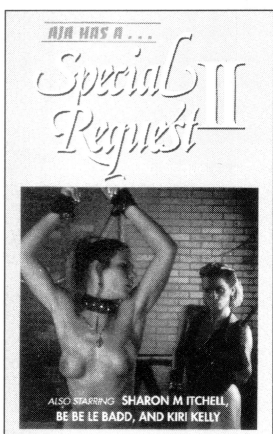
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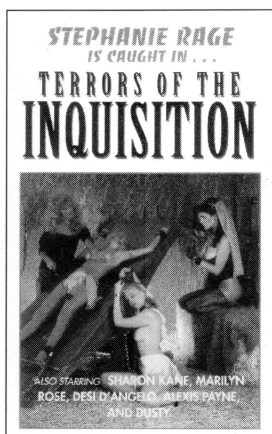
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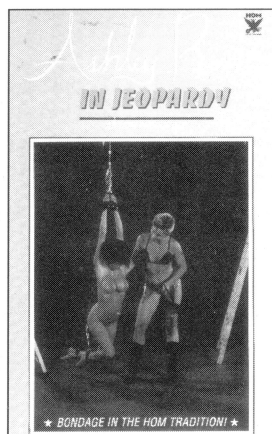
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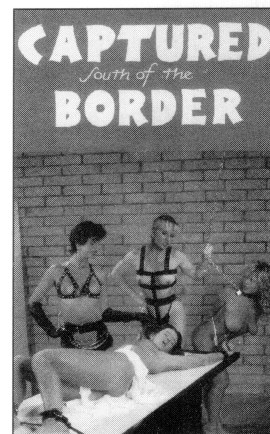
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